

## Despair and Hope--Chapter 15

by Kari

Category: Titanic  
Language: English  
Status: In-Progress  
Published: 2000-05-28 09:00:00  
Updated: 2000-05-28 09:00:00  
Packaged: 2016-04-27 18:47:19  
Rating: T  
Chapters: 1  
Words: 3,709  
Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)  
Summary: A young artist, infatuated by the mysterious and beautiful Rose, takes her in.

## Despair and Hope--Chapter 15

Despair and Hope--Chapter 15

><br>By Kari Raines @ [TrekGirl2000@netscape.net](mailto:TrekGirl2000@netscape.net)

><br>Welcome to chapter 15 of "Despair and Hope." Sorry it took so long to get it posted. I just

>got back from my little brother's graduation on the other side of Texas. Thank you for all<br>your reviews. I really appreciate all you guys. Be sure to either leave comments via the  
>review box, or you can e-mail me. Well, enjoy! =)<br>

>~~~~~<br>

>She stared into her uninviting tea, the very scent making her stomach turn. Normally, Rose<br>liked tea. But she knew it was just a side effect of her pregnancy, so she ignored it as best  
>she could, sliding the mug away so she didn't have to smell it.<br>

>"You don't want your tea?" Michael Calvert asked. He was seated across from her in a<br>small caf  near the park.

><br>"Not today," she said simply, unsure of how much she should reveal to this man she had just  
>met.<br>

>The waiter appeared then, setting down their sandwiches in front of them. Rose stared at it,<br>repulsed. It was just about as appealing as the tea had been. But Rose knew that she would  
>have to try to get it down, if she wanted her baby to be strong and healthy.<br>

>Swallowing her repulsion, she took the first bite of her sandwich. Michael did the same, but<br>he was gazing at her, intrigued by the mysterious young woman.

><br>Rose ignored his scrutiny, choosing instead to study the caf  he had chosen. He told her it

>was his favorite. It was nice enough, but Rose knew that no socialite would ever been seen<br>here. Rose had offered to pay for

her own food, but Michael had insisted that that wouldn't  
>be proper or gentleman-like to make a lady pay.<br>  
>She found herself wondering about him. He obviously wasn't poor--at  
least, not like Jack<br>had been. But he definitely wasn't a  
socialite. Rose made a mental note to ask him about it  
>later. Right now, she owed him an explanation. It was the least she  
could do for what he<br>had done for her.  
><br>But Michael was patient. He didn't press her. Instead, he  
allowed her to speak when she  
>was ready. "All right," she said, taking a deep breath. "This is  
going to sound very strange,<br>but the reason that man was following  
me is because he was hired by my ex-fiancee."  
><br>He raised a confused eyebrow, but didn't interrupt.  
><br>"You see, I was raised in the social class. I was to marry a  
rich man for money, but I broke  
>off the engagement when I decided that I didn't want to live my life  
that way." There. That<br>was all he needed to know.  
><br>"So I take it that the man wasn't very happy?"  
><br>"No. He was keeping me with him against my will. You . . .  
rescued me."  
><br>He smiled, mock bowing. "It was my pleasure, milady."  
><br>She returned the smile. She knew he wanted to ask more  
questions, but he honored her  
>privacy. "So what about you?" she asked, changing the subject.  
"Where are you from?"<br>  
>"Cedar Rapids. I moved here to go to school."<br>  
>Rose was taken aback slightly. Very seldom did anyone other than the  
rich go to college.<br>  
>"My family was never extremely wealthy," he explained. "But they  
wanted the best for me. <br>We were always fairly well off, but my  
parents saved up their money for me. They saw my  
>talent as an artist at an early age, and they wanted me to do the  
best I could. So here I am. <br>I'm going to art school, and selling  
my drawings on the side for extra money to live off of."  
><br>Rose was happy for Michael, but she found herself wishing that  
Jack had had that sort of  
>support from his parents. He could have been great.<br>  
>"So what about you?" Michael asked. "Now that you're free, what do  
you want to do with<br>your life?"  
><br>She'd never really thought of it. There were, of course,  
specific things she wanted to do--the  
>things she and Jack said they would do together. "I think that . . .  
I think I want to live my<br>life for the moment," she finally said,  
a dreamy smile forming on her lips. That's what Jack  
>had done. Lived for the moment, without worrying where he'd end up  
next. "I just want to .<br>. . head out for the horizon whenever I  
feel like it." She repeated the words she had said to  
>Jack three months ago. Why can't I be like you, Jack? Just head out  
for the horizon<br>whenever I feel like it.  
><br>The thought made her giddy. She imagined herself traveling with  
her daughter, showing her  
>all the things Jack had shown her . . . <br>  
>Michael was smiling at the dreamy look that had crossed Rose's face.  
He knew there was<br>more to the story than this girl was telling  
her. As he drew her picture in the park, he had  
>seen the underlying sadness in her eyes, as he could see it now. The  
girl was young, but he<br>knew she had a story to tell. Maybe one day  
she would tell it to him. "If you don't mind my  
>saying, Miss Dawson--"<br>  
>"Rose," she corrected him.<br>

>He smiled in appreciation. "All right. If you don't mind my saying so, Rose, you are a very<br>lovely young lady, and you seem to have spirit. You could do well in the acting or modeling<br>business if your adventures ever take you in the direction of California."<br>>Initially, Rose dismissed the idea as ridiculous, but as she thought about it, she realized that<br>she would be going to California very soon. Maybe she would look into it. It might be fun.<br>>"I know some people who are in the business," he told her. "If you ever need some inside<br>help, let me know."<br>>Rose didn't know what to think. She had just met this man and he was already offering her<br>help in a career. "I'll keep that in mind," she told him.<br>>A moment of silence passed in which he ate. Rose could do nothing but stare at her food.<br>>"Are you not hungry?" he asked.<br>>"Would you please excuse me? I'm suddenly not feeling too well."

><br>He nodded in concern as he watched her disappear into a back room. She returned a few<br>minutes later. He noticed her cheeks looked a little paler, and her eyes were red. "May we<br>go now?" Rose asked before he could say anything.<br>>"Of course," he told her, leaving money on the table for the waiter. Rose stepped out into the<br>sun with Michael right behind her. The heat, which had seemed so nice mere hours earlier,<br>now sickened her. She longed for a nice, cool bed, away from the sun.<br>>"Do you have a place to stay?"<br>>This was Michael's voice, but he sounded very far away. Rose looked around herself, but<br>everywhere, the light was blinding her. The heat was beating down on her skin, and Rose<br>was dimly aware that she was losing consciousness.<br>>Jack was there, blocking the light, asking her if she was all right. She felt his strong arms<br>enclosing over her body; supporting her, and her mind flashed back to the way his arms and<br>hands felt on her in the Renault.

><br>Put your hands on me Jack put your hands on me Jack put your hands on me Jack.<br>>"Jack . . . " she moaned in his arms, snuggling into his chest. So warm and solid, and very<br>much alive. Jack, her Guardian Angel.<br>>Rose felt herself being carried away, and she allowed this as her mind drifted. When she lost<br>consciousness, she dreamed of Jack, like she had every night since his death. Jack; the<br>arousal and passion in his eyes as he drew her, and the way her own heart had pounded, and<br>the memory of her own arousal. Rose dimly remembered the way she had almost wished<br>that he had made love to her then, after he drew her. She had fantasized about it the entire<br>time. Then she dreamed of Jack and the way he had made love to her for the first and last<br>time, their bodies and hearts throbbing together in the heat of their passion. And then there<br>was Jack, teeth chattering and lips blue, making her promise that she would survive and go<br>on without him.<br>>When the ship docks, I'm getting off with you.<br>>No, don't think of that. Don't think of what you almost had. Think

of the scent of Jack's<br>skin and hair, and the feel of his lips on yours, and the way your hearts had beat in rhythm  
>for a single moment in time.<br>  
>Say we'll go there sometime, even if we only ever just talk about it . . . <br>  
>No, we'll do it. We'll ride the rollercoaster and drink cheap beer till we throw up . . . <br>  
>Rose's eyes snapped open suddenly. The first thing she saw through her sleep-induced haze<br>was the familiar figure of a man smiling down on her, his blue eyes concerned and relieved.  
>"Jack," she said, reaching up for him . . . but she stopped.<br>

>No, not Jack. She looked around anxiously, becoming fully aware of her surroundings. She<br>was in a strange bed surrounded by strange, bland walls, and strange machinery, and the  
>man hovering over her was not Jack Dawson.<br>  
>It was Michael Calvert, the young artist she had met in the park. He was sitting in a chair<br>next to her bed, his eyes displaying an odd mixture of relief, concern, confusion, and  
>amusement.<br>  
>"Hi," he said simply, giving her a small smile. "How are you feeling?"<br>  
>"Where am I? What happened?" she asked, ignoring his question as she sat up in bed.<br>  
>"You're in a hospital. You fainted, so I brought you here."<br>

>Rose's eyes widened, and she was suddenly scared for the life she carried inside herself that<br>she had created with Jack.

><br>"Your child is fine," he told her quietly, as if reading her mind. "The doctor told me," he  
>informed her before she could ask how he knew.<br>  
>"He assumed I am the father, so I told him you are my wife."<br>

>"You did what?" Rose asked.<br>  
>Michael shrugged sheepishly. "You know how . . . unacceptable your pregnancy would be<br>considered. Besides, if the records show a 'Rose Calvert,' it will be more difficult for your  
>fiancee to find you."<br>  
>She sighed. He did have a point.<br>  
> "You were moaning the name 'Jack' in your sleep," he said after a moment. "Is that your<br>child's father? Is he the one you were to marry?"  
><br>Rose felt her face turn bright red. "Mr. Calvert, I appreciate all you've done for me, but  
>those are very inappropriate questions. That is none of your concern."<br>  
>She turned away, unable to look at him any longer. "Why are you doing this?" she asked<br>quietly, still not looking at him. "Why are you helping me?"  
><br>"Because you inspired me and intrigued me all at once. Not many people do that." His  
>answer was immediate and required no thought. It was an honest, sincere answer. "And<br>because you look like you lost something that meant a great deal to you."  
><br>She turned to face him, the surprise registering in her eyes. "You can see that?" she asked.  
><br>"I'm an artist," he said with a shrug.  
><br>Her mind went back to one of her conversations with Jack, the day after she met him. "You

>have a gift, Jack. You do. You see people."<br>  
>"I see you."<br>  
>"And?"<br>  
>"You wouldn't have jumped."<br>  
>"Look, Rose," Michael said, bringing her back to the present. "I don't know your story, and<br>you're right--it's none of my business. But you do need help. Come stay with me for a few  
>days. Decide what you're going to do, but let me help you--at least until you get through the<br>'morning sickness' part of your pregnancy."  
><br>Rose's eyes snapped onto his. "And pretend I'm your wife?"

><br>He shrugged again. "Just publicly. I won't . . . expect anything from you, if that's what  
>you're afraid of."<br>  
>Rose sighed. She didn't like the idea, even though she felt with all her heart that she could<br>trust this man. She supposed he was right, however. She did want her baby to be strong and

>healthy.<br>  
>"That's not what I was worried about. Okay. I'll do it. If only to assure that my baby is<br>born healthy. Then I'm gone, because I have a promise to keep."  
><br>These last words came out softly, and Michael once again noticed the strange mixture of  
>sadness and hope that filled her eyes. He found himself wanting to ask her what had<br>happened to her, but he respected her wishes by not asking. His eyes drifted over the soft  
>porcelain of her cheeks--tarnished only by a visible bruise that he had been tempted to ask<br>her about as well. Most likely, that was a gift from her fiancée. And her hair--a gorgeous  
>shade of red, was cut unfashionably short. In fact, Michael had never seen hair that short on<br>a woman before, much less a society woman.  
><br>Despite this, Rose Dawson was one of the most gorgeous women he had ever beheld. He  
>found himself wondering what she had looked like with her hair long. He imagined himself<br>touching her silky, scarlet locks, and her smooth porcelain skin. Even though the girl was  
>tired and worn, he couldn't help but notice the generous curves of her young body.<br>  
>This Jack, or whoever was the father of her baby, was a very lucky man. It was no wonder<br>that her fiancée had tried so hard to keep her.  
><br>"You can trust me," he told her softly. "I only want to help."

><br>Rose looked at him thoughtfully for a moment, and a strange thought occurred to her. She  
>suddenly knew that Jack had sent this warm, sincere man to her. Jack had led her to<br>Michael Calvert as surely as Jack had led her to Molly Brown after the Carpathia had  
>docked. And the way Jack had tried to warn her away from the school when Cal had come<br>to take her away.  
><br>"I trust you," she told him quietly. And I trust Jack. Thank you, Jack. I love you. She said  
>it quietly for the millionth time. I love you, Jack.<br>  
>Shortly after, the doctor entered, relieved that she had finally awoken. After telling her she<br>should get plenty of rest and eat healthy, and try to stay cool, he cheerfully released them.  
>They called for a carriage and were taken to Michael's apartment

building not far from the  
park and the cafe. Michael explained to her that he liked the park because he met the most interesting people there.  
His apartment building was decent--not ritzy, like she was accustomed to, and not poor. But nice. The people seemed nice, and it was a nice neighborhood. Michael helped her up the stairs, and when they reached his room, she stared around in awe. "Are these all your drawings?" she asked.  
"Most of them," he told her, crossing his arms.  
"They're wonderful," she said, kneeling down to study a cluster of papers that hung on the wall. Many were drawings of people, very similar to Jack's, while others were colorful and portrayed sunsets, oceans, stars, gardens, and one even looked to be a picture of the very park she had visited earlier. "Were they all drawn from life?" she asked, as she suddenly remembered asking the same question of Jack on Titanic's boatdeck.  
"Sure were," he answered with a small grin. "I've done my share of traveling. Beauty inspires me." Rose's head snapped up at this last comment. From the way he was looking at her, it had obviously been directed at her.

She turned away, ashamed and embarrassed. She really wasn't ready for male attention--not so soon after Jack. Because in truth, whenever she looked at Michael, all she could see was Jack.  
"Do you like art?" he asked, interrupting her thoughts.

"Very much," she told him, smiling softly. "My father owned quite a collection of exquisite artwork. I was fascinated by it. He used to sit and explain to me what each piece meant, and I hung on every word, enthralled by his voice."  
And then I met Jack, the love of my life, who was an artist. He showed me what it was like to live and to love, and he freed me and saved me, and then he died, but not before making me promise to live my life to the fullest. And he left a legacy--a life that will live through me.  
Of course, she said none of this. She could not bring herself to speak of Jack. It hurt her too much. Maybe one day she would tell people about Jack, but right now, he was all hers to keep locked up safe in her heart.  
"It sounds like you love your father very much," he said, placing a hand on her shoulder. "Perhaps one day you'll introduce me to him."  
Uncomfortable by the innocent touch, Rose squirmed away. "He died. It was several months ago."  
Michael blushed visibly as he turned away from her, embarrassed by his own bluntness. Perhaps that was the source of her pain that she kept bottled up. But as he watched her, he knew that that wasn't it. He could see it in her eyes. There was something more that she was not telling him. "I'm sorry," he said sincerely, standing up. "Would you like to take a nap?  
I have an extra bedroom, and it's yours while you're staying here."  
"That would be lovely. Thank you very much."  
Rose's room was rather small, but cozy. Several of Michael's drawings, and various paintings decorated the four walls. It was

clean, with a single, narrow bed. But to Rose, it  
>looked like a million dollars. She sat down on the comforter,  
admiring the embroidery. She<br>traced her fingers over the small  
designs sewn into the material. Very lovely, in a simple  
>way. Rose guessed that it was made by Michael's mother, or  
grandmother, or maybe an<br>aunt, even.  
><br>She stood up, wandering toward the walls. She thought back to  
the paintings she had carried  
>with her on Titanic--works by Monet and Picasso, now lost forever.  
And Jack's beautiful<br>drawings, now locked in a safe in a sunken  
ship at the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean, never  
>again to be admired by human eyes.<br>  
>At least these drawings--done by Michael Calvert--were safe. If the  
world was never to learn<br>of the art of Jack Dawson, maybe they  
would learn of the work of Michael Calvert. It was a  
>small comfort, but the only thing Rose had to hold on to.<br>  
>"I brought you some clothes," Michael announced, stepping into the  
room. Rose regarded<br>him, tearing her mind away from her reverie.  
"My sister left them last time she visited.  
>She's about the same size as you. Sorry I couldn't do any better,  
but it was sort of a short<br>notice."  
><br>"They'll do nicely," Rose said as he laid them down on the bed.  
"Thank you. For  
>everything. You've been very kind."<br>  
>He smiled at her warmly. "It's been my pleasure to help a lady of  
your beauty and<br>character." Rose blushed at the comment, still  
unnerved by his bluntness, or was it sincerity?  
>"Pleasant dreams, sweet Rose," he said as he backed out of the room,  
leaving her alone with<br>her thoughts.  
><br>After changing into the nightgown Michael had brought her, Rose  
rummaged around in her  
>bag until she found the two items she had been looking for. The  
first on was the Heart of the<br>Ocean. Rose pulled the precious  
necklace out, studying the way the light from the single  
>bedroom window hit the jewel, scattering rays of blue light across  
the room. Rose kissed the<br>'Heart' gently wrapping it up in a worn  
piece of cloth and placing it in the top of the  
>wardrobe. She stooped momentarily as she saw herself reflected in  
the wardrobe mirror.<br>  
>She turned sideways, studying herself. The prominent bulge her her  
belly was just visible,<br>and the sight delighted her. There was  
finally visible proof her pregnancy with Jack's child.  
>She touched her swelling belly gently, feeling for any movement.  
None detectable as of yet. <br>"Quite the scandal," she said out  
loud, grinning to herself. She imagined Jack was there with  
>her now, and she could almost see his smiling face reflected in the  
mirror, next to hers. His<br>arms encircled her then, feeling the  
child he had planted inside her. She closed her eyes,  
>enjoying the moment.<br>  
>Finally, her eyes opened as fatigue settled over her weakening body.  
She drifted back to her<br>bed, her eyes settling on the other item  
that Rose had pulled out of her bag. It was the  
>drawing of the little girl--the one she had found in the basement of  
the Dawson home in<br>Chippewa Falls. One of Jack's drawings.

><br>She laid down in bed, holding the drawing close to her as her  
eyes drifted closed. "I love  
>you, Jack," she said out loud. "Thank you for sending Michael to  
help me."<br>  
>As her mind drifted, she found herself dreaming of the little girl

in the picture. And the little<br>girl was her daughter, Jacklynn.  
Her daughter and Jack's daughter. She dreamed that Jack  
>held the child in his arms--but this was an older Jack, a more  
mature Jack. But his eyes<br>twinkled with the loving kindness she  
remembered in him. Jack would have made a  
>wonderful father to their daughter. <br>  
>~~~~~<br>  
>Chapter 16 coming soon!<br>  
>PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE REVIEW! I thrive off feedback! =) <p><p>

End  
file.